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A thousand years ago, the state of the art that combines words and pictures was the illuminated manuscript - a carefully crafted, fragile document telling a tale only a select few would ever be privileged to read. A thousand years from now, the art form may evolve so that each of us takes the raw electrons from the air and turns them into our own fantasies, moving and speaking on command for the world to access. In between those forms, we have comics.

DC Comics celebrates the millennium mark by offering you the best and most vital examples of our art form. This millennium collection represents our most creative, most cataclysmic and most collectible issues for your shelf.



Paul Levitz

EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT & PUBLISHER

REMEMBERING THE MILLENNIUM

Today, when you hear the name MAD, most people either think of the popular Fox-TV series or the black and white magazine that's still published for a mere \$2.99 (cheap!).

Yet MAD started life as a color comic book, part of William M. Gaines's plan to publish the kinds of comics he wanted to read. After inheriting the company in the wake of his father's accidental death a few years earlier, Gaines slowly exerted control. A telling sign of this influence was Gaines's decision to change the meaning of the company's name, E.C., from Educational Comics to Entertaining Comics.

Working with writer/editor Al Feldstein, Gaines put out a variety of high-quality horror and science fiction

comics, led by *Tales from the Crypt*. When the duo was joined by the brilliant writer/editor Harvey Kurtzman, the line expanded to include war (or, as the title itself described it, "He-Man Adventure") with the ruggedly realistic *Two-Fisted Tales*.

Hoping to further expand his line, Gaines thought about what he wanted next. As described in the introduction in the original **TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD #1**, they considered and rejected westerns and romance. But Gaines wanted something fresh.

So it made sense, in late 1952, to put out a humor title, taking advantage of Harvey Kurtzman's prodigious talents. MAD's first issue had stories illustrated by the usual (and spectacular) stable of E.C. talent: Jack Davis, Wally Wood, and John Severin, all illustrating tales with funny twists on the standard E.C. formula. It was Kurtzman's intent to spoof all genres of comics, and he wrote (and laid out) everything in exacting detail. The artists, encouraged to be wackier than ever, responded with some of

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD #1

SATIRE FOR
THE MASSES



continued on inside back cover →

MILLENNIUM EDITION: TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD 1. February, 2000 (Originally published as TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD #1 October-November 1952, copyright 1952 E.C. Publications, Inc.). Published by DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. Cover and introduction copyright © 2000 DC Comics. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks E.C. Publications, Inc. The stories, characters and incidents featured in this publication are entirely fictional. Printed in Canada.

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TERROR DEPT.! PLEASE! WE WARN YOU! DO NOT READ THIS STORY! THROW THIS COMIC BOOK AWAY BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!...VERY WELL, RASH FOOL! READ ON! BUT REMEMBER! WE WARNED YOU! THERE ARE MANY THINGS NOT MEANT FOR THE EYES OF MAN! OOOHHEEEHEEEHEEE...

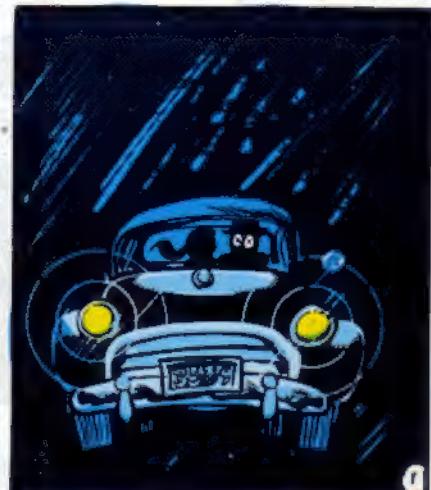
HOOHAH!



NIGHT!...BLACK, WET, POURING NIGHT, WITH THE MUFFLED MONOTONOUS SIZZLE OF FAT RAINDROPS HITTING THE GROUND!

NIGHT...ROARING VELVETY NIGHT, PUNCTUATED BY BLUE-WHITE FLICKERING LIGHTNING AND BOWLING-BALL THUNDER!

NIGHT!...WHEN MEN SLEEP AND EVIL WAKES!...A BLACK SEDAN CAREENS THROUGH THE NIGHT, SWERVING MADLY ON THE WET ROAD!



GALUSHA! STOP SWERVING MADLY
ON THE WET ROAD AND DRIVE
WITH TWO HANDS! MUST YOU
HUG ME ALL THE TIME?

I-I DON'T WANT
MUGGIN', DAPHNE!
I JUST WANT
PROTECTION!



UP TO YOUR TRICKS AGAIN,
EH, GALUSHA? WELL I'LL JUST
GET OUT AND WALK!

HONEST, DAPHNE!
NO GAS!



OUT OF GAS IN A RAINSTORM
ON A DESERTED ROAD! HOW
CONVENIENT, GALUSHA!

PLEASE,
DAPH!
HONEST!



MEN RESORT TO
ANYTHING...! WELL,
I'M NOT AFRAID.
I'LL JUST WALK
HOME...



...A LITTLE
LATER, MAYBE!

LISTEN, DAPHNE! WE NEED HELP!
I'VE GOT TO GET A BUCKET SO'S
I CAN GO TO A GAS STATION AND
BRING SOME GASOLINE BACK!



SUPPOSE'N I GO TO
THAT HOUSE UP ON THE
HILL THERE AND SEE IF
I CAN BORROW A
BUCKET, JUST
SUPPOSE'N!

THAT HOUSE...ON TOP
OF THAT HILL! OH
N-NO, NO, GALOSHA...
I MEAN GALUSHA!
NOT THAT HOUSE!



AHH, COME ON, DAPH!

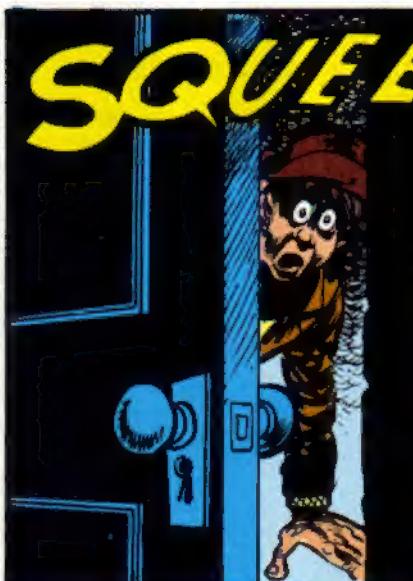
GALUSHA! THAT'S THE BOGG HOUSE! THEY TELL MANY STORIES OF THE BOGG HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE!



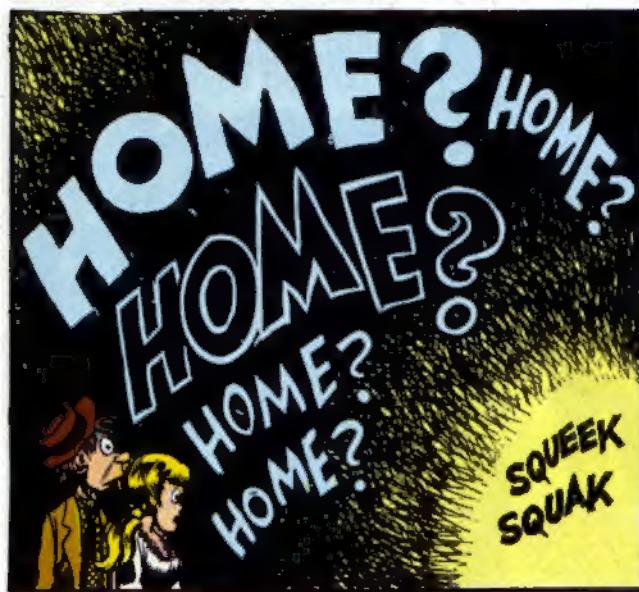
STORIES OF TWO BROTHERS, GOG AND MAGOG BOGG WHO LIVED THERE ALONE! THEY HARDLY EVER LEFT THE MANSION! ONE DAY, GOG BOGG WAS FOUND UNDER A LOG, WITHOUT HIS HEAD!



MAGOG, WAS SUSPECTED AS THE MURDERER... WENT STARK RAVING INSANE! THEY SAY GOG'S HEAD IS STILL IN THE BOGG HOUSE... AND THEY SAY THAT GOG COMES LOOKING FOR IT EVERY NIGHT!



WELL... THE DOOR IS OPEN, GALUSHA! LET'S GO INSIDE!



ALL RIGHT! WHOEVER
IS IN THAT ROOM!
COME ON OUT!
WE HEAR YOU!



THE ROOM IS EMPTY! JUST A
ROCKING CHAIR! THE ONLY EXIT
OUT OF HERE IS THIS DOOR AND
THAT TINY VENTILATOR, AND
NOTHING HUMAN COULD
FIT THROUGH THERE!

BUT SOMEONE... SOMETHING...
WAS ROCKING THAT CHAIR! THE
STORIES IN THE VILLAGE SAY HOW
WHEN MAGOG BOGG WENT MAD,
HE'D JUST SIT IN THE ROCKING
CHAIR... AND ROCK AND ROCK!

THAT'S THE WAY HE DIED, THEY SAY!
JUST ROCKING IN A SQUEEKY ROCK-
ING CHAIR! AND THEM IN THE VILLAGE
TELL HOW YOU CAN STILL HEAR THAT
CHAIR IN THE NIGHT... ROCKING...
EVER ROCKING... SQUEEK, SQUAWK,
SQUEEK, SQUAWK!



AND THEM IN THE VILLAGE TELL HOW ON
STORMY NIGHTS, YOU CAN HEAR THE
BROTHERS, MAGOG CHASING GOG,
SCREAMING THROUGH THE HOUSE... WITH
AN AXE RUNNING THROUGH THE HOUSE,
CLUMPITY, CLUMPITY, CLUMP...



**CLUMPIFY
CLUMP**



THEY'VE STOPPED! I KNOW THEY'RE BEHIND THAT DOOR BUT THEY'VE STOPPED! GET UP OFF THE FLOOR, GALUSHA, AND PROTECT ME!



I'M ALL RIGHT NOW, DAPHNE! THE EXCITEMENT OF THE MOMENT GOT ME, BUT I'M ALL RIGHT NOW!



SUDDENLY I FEEL A DEADLY CALM SETTLING OVER ME! SUDDENLY I KNOW THAT. NOW MY NERVES ARE STEEL!



...NOW I CAN TAKE ANYTHIN...

EXCUSE ME!

Y!!!!



**GET AWAY!
GET AWAY FUM ME!**

I'LL CALLA COPS!



I'M SORRY I FRIGHTENED YOU! I'M MELVIN, THE CARETAKER HERE!

**CARETAKER!
A HAUNTED
HOUSE WITH
A CARE-
TAKER?**

**LISTEN, CARETAKER!
YOU BETTER TAKE BETTER
CARE OF THIS
HOUSE! IT'S
FULL OF
GHOSTS!**

**GHOSTS?
A BIG BOY
LIKE YOU
BELIEVES IN
GHOSTS?
RUBBISH! THERE
ARE NO GHOSTS!**

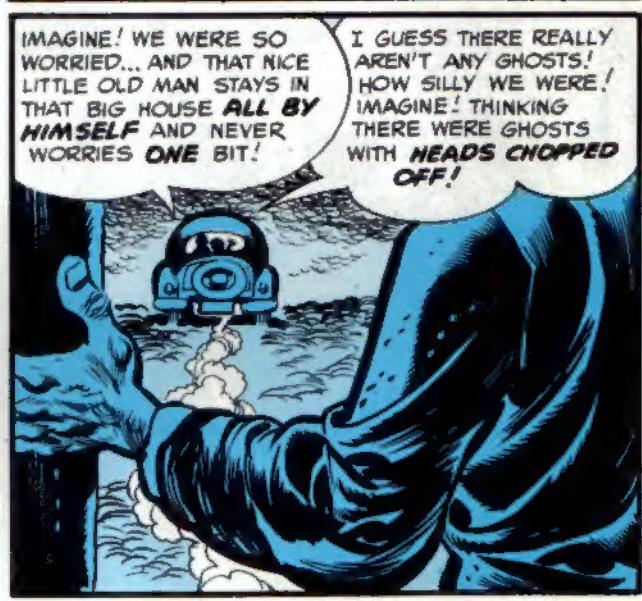
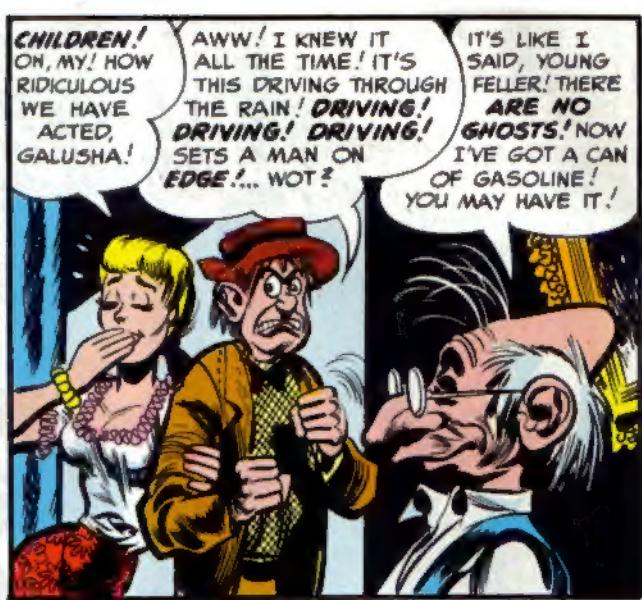
**WE HEARD
THEM! BEHIND
THAT DOOR!
OPEN IT UP!
YOU'LL SEE
FOR YOURSELF!**



I'VE NEVER HEARD ANYTHING SO ABSURD IN MY LIFE! TSK TSK! VERY WELL! I'LL OPEN THE DOOR!

SQUEEEEEE





SCIENCE-FICTION DEPT.! GO FORWARD! GO FORWARD INTO SPACE, FORWARD INTO TIME! GO FORWARD... 1952! 1962! 1982! GO! GO TO 1,000,000 A.D.! THAT'S FAR ENOUGH! BACK UP A LITTLE! LOOK! THE EARTH! A MASS OF STEELY CITIES AND MEN! MEN? NO! NOT REALLY MEN! MORE LIKE...

BLOBS!

SPEED!
MORE SPEED!
I'VE GOT
TO SEE
MELVIN!

WADe

MELVIN, MY FRIEND! HE IS ONE OF THE FEW ACTIVE MINDS AROUND TODAY! I'VE GOT TO TELL HIM MY HORRIBLE THOUGHT!

MELVIN, MY BUDDY! ONE OF THE RARE BRAINS THAT STILL THINKS! I'VE GOT TO TELL HIM OF THE CALAMITY THAT MIGHT OVERTAKE US!

MELVIN, MY PAL! HE WILL UNDERSTAND WHAT I AM THINKING! HE WILL SYMPATHIZE WITH ME! AAAH... THERE'S MELVIN'S SKYSCRAPER NOW!

CHUG
CHUG

MELVIN! MELVIN! AM I GLAD YOU'RE HOME! WHILE I WAS ON THE MOON-EARTH SHUTTLE, A HORRIBLE THOUGHT STRUCK ME!

JUMPING PLUTONIUM!
IT'S YOU, ALFRED!

LISTEN TO ME, MELVIN! THIS IS IMPORTANT! GET RID OF THAT DISPOSABLE PREFABRICATED ROBOT WOMAN! I'LL BUY YOU ANOTHER ONE LATER! LISTEN TO ME!

GALLOPING GALAXIES!
CAN'T IT WAIT, ALFRED?

MELVIN! YOU'RE GETTING LIKE ALL THE REST! LIKE A KID WITH A TOY! ALL PLEASURE! NO GOOD HARD THINKING!

AWWW... MOLECULES!

DISPOS

FOLLOW ME, MELVIN! TO THE THOUGHT-VIEWER! I HAVE A VERY ALARMING IDEA I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT!

SUFFER-
ING SOLAR
SYSTEMS!
WHAT IS IT?

IT'S THE END OF HUMANITY!
IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD!
THAT'S WHAT IT IS!... AH! THE THOUGHT VIEWER!

LET ME JUST PLUG IN MY THOUGHT TRANSMITTER CABLE... THERE! WELL GIVE THE SCREEN A MOMENT TO WARM UP!... I'M SCARED, MELVIN! I TELL YOU, I'M SCARED!

WHAT, IN THE NAME OF ELECTRONS, IS BOTHERING YOU, ALFRED?

CLIK

WEE
TOP
MRRMM

IT'S THIS MACHINERY! ALL THIS MACHINERY!
EVERYWHERE... EVERYTHING IS MACHINERY! IT'S WRONG! AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY! MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO, LIFE WAS COMPARATIVELY SIMPLE! TAKE THE CAVE-MAN, FOR INSTANCE!



FROM WHAT I READ IN OUR HISTORY BOOKS, THE FIRST PRIMITIVE CAVE MAN WAS MUCH LIKE A WALKING APE!



HIS LIFE WAS VERY UNCOMPLICATED! HE NEVER RODE ANYWHERE, AS WE DO TODAY! HE HAD TO WALK... POOR CREATURE... ON HIS FEET!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY, BUT THE WRETCHED THING NEVER HAD VITAMIN PILLS, OR... OR DEHYDRATED MEALS! JUST RAW FRUITS, BERRIES, AND SOMETIMES, MEAT!



HIS SOCIAL LIFE WAS EQUALY SIMPLE! AS I UNDERSTAND IT, IF HE SAW A FEMALE HE MIGHT DESIRE FOR A MATE, THERE WAS NO TAKING HER OUT TO A MOVIE OR SOMESUCH!



HE SIMPLY WOULD BASH THE FEMALE ON THE HEAD WITH HIS FIST, OR SOME CONVENIENT BLUNT INSTRUMENT, AND THAT WOULD BE THAT! THERE WOULDN'T BE ANYTHING ELSE TO IT!



HE WOULD THEN DRAG THE FEMALE OFF TO HIS CAVE, AND THERE SHE WOULD REMAIN AS HIS WIFE! SIMPLE! EFFECTIVE! AMERICAN!... BUT EVEN THEN, THE SICKNESS WAS SETTING IN!



THAT BLUNT INSTRUMENT.. THAT TOOL!... THAT WAS MAN'S MISTAKE! FOR THAT TOOL, WAS THE FIRST IN A HISTORY OF TOOLS THAT MAN WOULD FASHION TO DO HIS WORK FOR HIM!

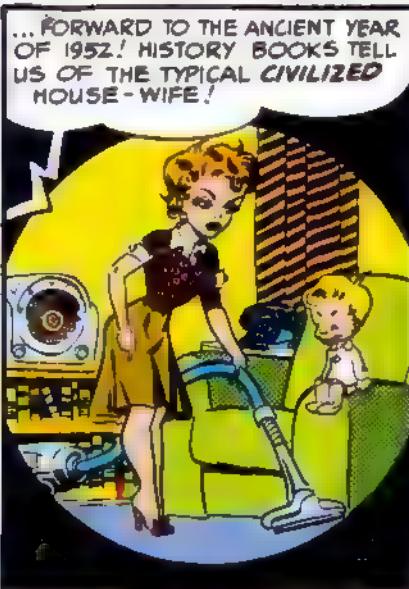
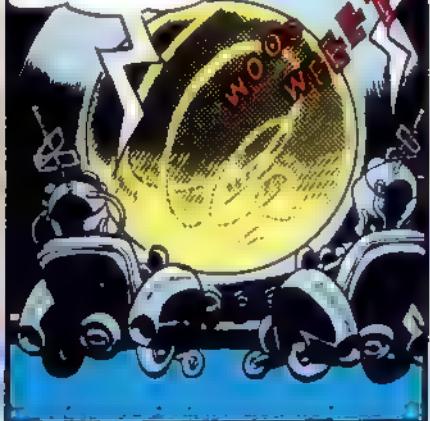


SO WHAT ARE YOU TRYING
TO PROVE, ALFRED?

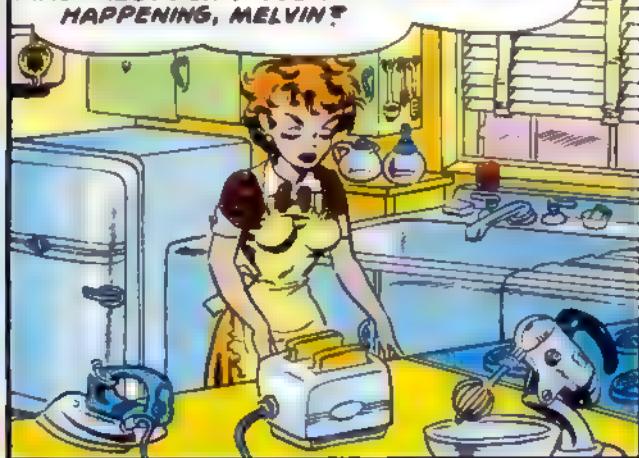
PATIENCE, MELVIN! NOW
LET US JUMP
FORWARD...

FORWARD TO THE ANCIENT YEAR
OF 1952! HISTORY BOOKS TELL
US OF THE TYPICAL CIVILIZED
HOUSE-WIFE!

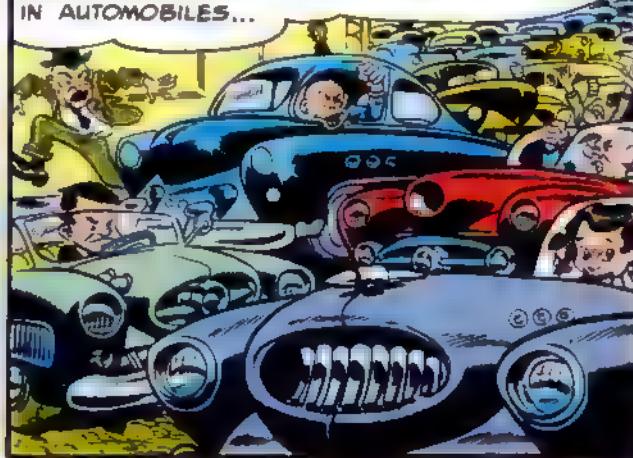
BY THEN, MACHINES WERE JUST
BEGINNING TO SURROUND HUMAN-
ITY! PUSH BUTTON ELECTRIC
LIGHTS! ELECTRIC TIME CLOCKS!
VACUUM CLEANERS! AIR-
CONDITIONING!



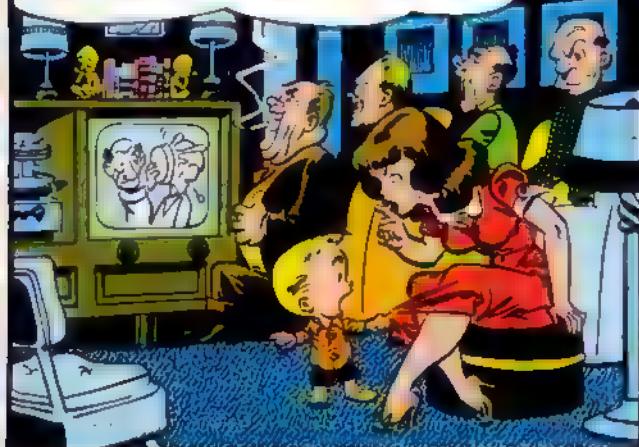
AND IN THE KITCHEN, MACHINES MUSHROOMED LIKE
FUNGUS GROWTHS! AUTOMATIC MIXING MACHINES!
JUICING MACHINES! WASHING MACHINES!
TOASTING, BAKING, FRYING MACHINES! DRYING
MACHINES! DON'T YOU SEE WHAT WAS
HAPPENING, MELVIN?



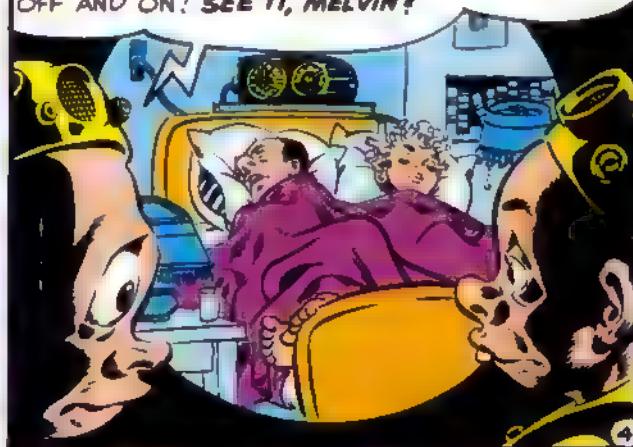
OUT IN THE STREET, MEN WERE BEGINNING TO
RIDE AND NOT WALK! AUTOMOBILES, THEY
CALLED 'EM! THEY HAD SO MANY AUTOMOBILES,
THEY HAD NO PLACE TO PARK THEM! FRIENDS
WOULD DRIVE OVER TO OTHER FRIENDS' HOUSES
IN AUTOMOBILES...



THEY WOULD GO TO FRIENDS' HOUSES, AND INSTEAD
OF TALKING TO THE FRIENDS, THEY WOULD LOOK
AT TELEVISION MACHINES FOR A FEW HOURS,
AND THEN THEY WOULD RIDE HOME! NOW
DOES THAT MAKE SENSE, MELVIN?



WHEN THEY GOT HOME, THEY WOULD REGULATE
THE TEMPERATURE OF THE HOUSE WITH A
THERMOSTAT, THEN MAYBE GO TO BED COVERED
BY AN ELECTRIC BLANKET, AND FALL ASLEEP
LISTENING TO A RADIO CLOCK THAT SHUT ITSELF
OFF AND ON! SEE IT, MELVIN?



DON'T YOU
SEE WHAT
WAS HAPPEN-
ING?

FRIZZLING
PHOTONS!



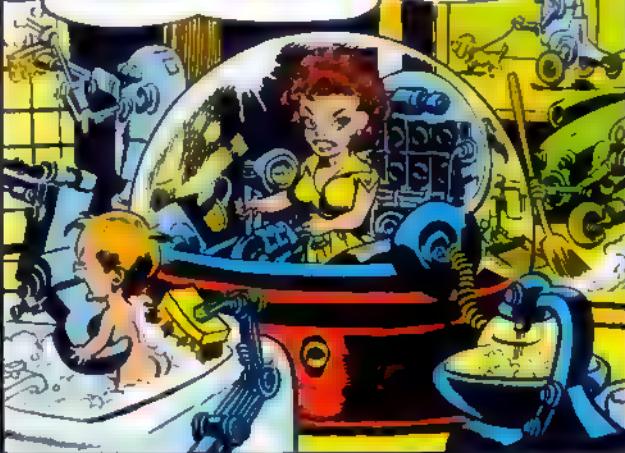
THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS IN THE
CRUDE DAYS OF 1952! BY
2000 A.D., WORKING MAN'S
OFFICE WAS A MASS OF
BUTTONS AND SWITCHES!



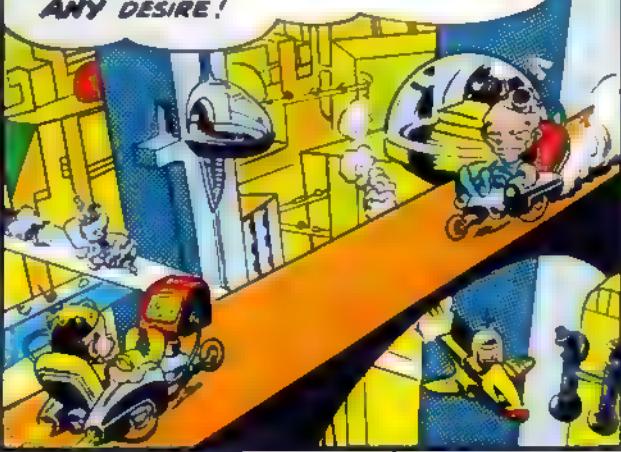
BY 20,000 A.D., IT WAS NO
LONGER NECESSARY FOR A
MAN TO LEAVE HIS SEAT
ONCE HE SAT DOWN TO
WORK!



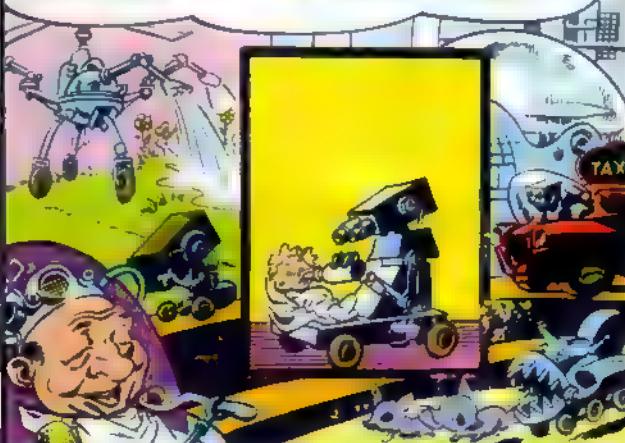
AND BY 100,000 A.D., WOMEN WERE PERMANENTLY
FIXED IN A COMBINATION MACHINE THAT WAS
KITCHEN, LIVING ROOM, BED ROOM, BATH,
ENTERTAINMENT, ETC., ETC., ETC.! FINALLY,
WE COME TO TODAY!



1,000,000 A.D.! EVERYTHING... EVERYTHING IS
TAKEN CARE OF BY MACHINES! WE REST ON
A CUSHIONED, MOTOR-POWERED COUCH, WHILE
MACHINES TAKE CARE OF OUR EVERY NEED!
WE NEVER HAVE TO MOVE TO SATISFY
ANY DESIRE!



WE HAVE MACHINES TO FEED US, MACHINES TO
CLOTHE US, MACHINES TO AMUSE US, MACHINES
TO COMFORT US! MACHINES TO CARRY US!
MACHINES TO MARRY US! WE HAVE MACHINES
TO TAKE CARE OF ANY POSSIBLE PROBLEM!

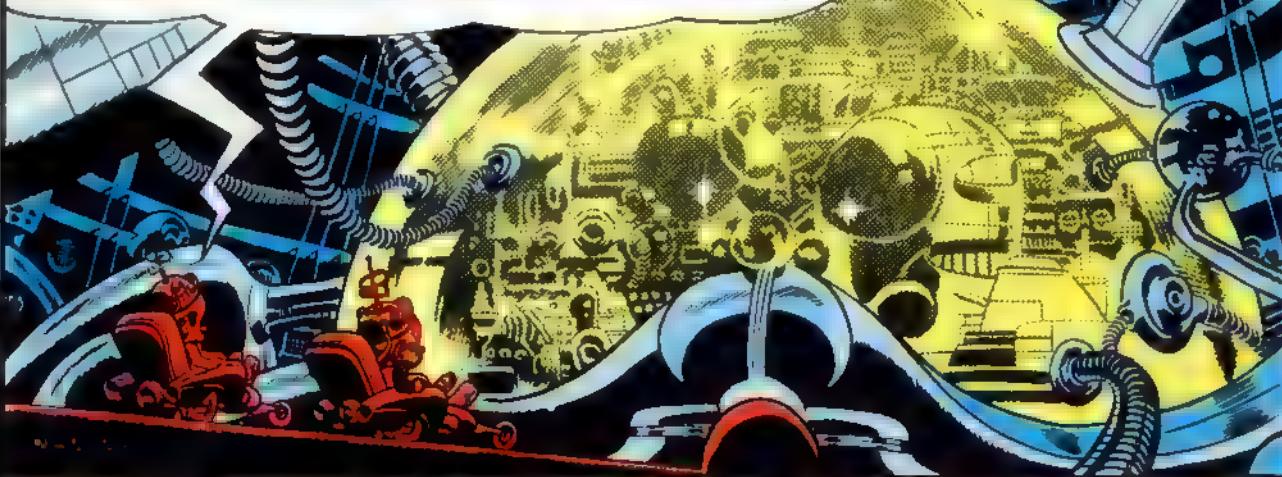


AND LOOK AT US! THROUGH YEARS OF DIS-
USE, OUR MUSCLES HAVE SHRUNK, OUR
BODIES HAVE WITHERED! WE'RE JUST A
BUNDLE OF NERVES! WE ARE BLOBS,
I TELL YOU! BLOBS OF FLESH!



JUMPING
PLANETOIDS! TAKE IT
EASY, ALFRED! YOUR RIGHT
PINKY IS QUIVERING! YOU
REALLY ARE EXCITED!

AND THE HEART OF OUR WHOLE CIVILIZATION IS THAT MASTER MONSTER MACHINE THAT HOLDS THE COMPLEX MECHANISM THAT CONTROLS OUR WHOLE EXISTENCE! THE MACHINE WITHOUT WHICH WE WOULD BE LOST! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?



WE HAVE EVEN DEVELOPED A MACHINE TO TAKE CARE OF THE MACHINE... TO FEED IT, TO REPAIR IT!

AND WITHOUT THE MACHINE, WE ARE COMPLETELY HELPLESS! SEE OVER THERE! HE ONLY HAS TO THINK OF AN ICE CREAM SODA! THE MACHINE GIVE IT TO HIM!

LOOK! LOOK OVER THERE! THAT FELLOW WANTS HIS BACK SCRATCHED! HE SENDS A THOUGHT COMMAND INTO THE MACHINE... IT SCRATCHES HIS BACK!



OVER THERE! THAT ONE WANTS ONE OF THOSE DISPOSABLE PREFABRICATED ROBOT WOMEN... ANCIENT 1952 HOLLYWOOD STYLE! HE PUTS A COIN INTO THE MACHINE AND GETS A ROBOT WOMAN! HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW LESS AND LESS MEN ARE GETTING MARRIED, AND MORE AND MORE OF THESE ROBOT WOMAN ARE BEING SOLD?

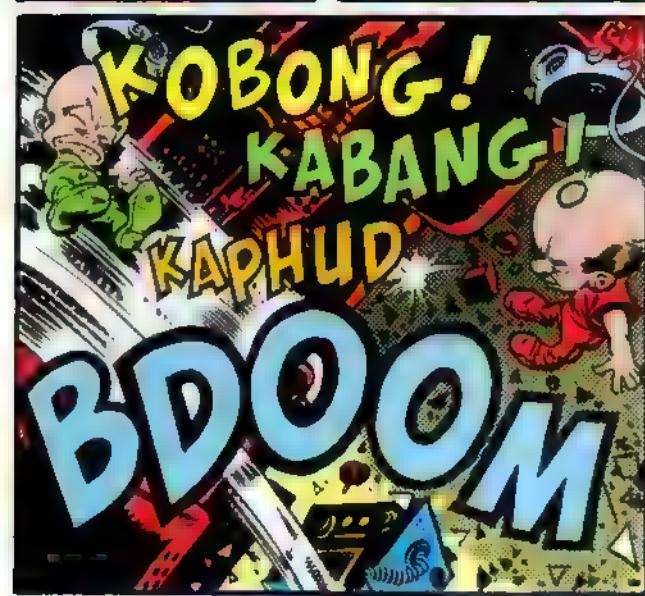
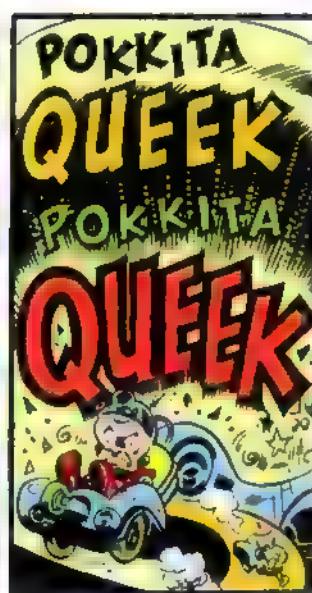


OUR CIVILIZATION IS GOING TO POT! WE LIE AROUND FROM DAY TO DAY SEEKING PLEASURE! DOING NOTHING! GETTING MORE AND MORE HELPLESS WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT!

SO... ALFRED! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE?

PROVE? PROVE? MELVIN! WHAT... WHAT IF THE MACHINE THAT REPAIRS THE MACHINE... BREAKS?





YES, DEAR READER! THE MACHINE DID BREAK!

CROW VADIS?

Tiberius O'Leary—
Roman Counterspy!

Rome 106 B.C.

Senator Gaius Tobey assigned his best secret operative, Tiberius O'Leary, to crack down on gamblers who were fixing the spear-point spreads in the gladiator matches. The Romans had been shocked by the recent bribing of schoolboy athletes in the Colosseum!

Tiberius, working incognito, put on a zoot-toga and headed for a little poolroom just off the main drag, the Appian Way!

Inside the emporium, Marcus Sumatra, a dixieland lyre-player, crooned a tender refrain, "The Cry of the Wild Helvetian"! Tiberius quickly joined in a game of Roman Parchisi.

Amid cries of "You're faded, Brutus," "VII come XI," and "Baby needs a new pair of sandals," Tiberius raked in the chips! Suddenly, one of the heavy losers rapped Tiberius with a roll of denarii clenched in a closed fist. When Tiberius came to, the joint was raided by Chief Lucius Patton and the Forum Police, who put the bracchia on one and all!

Tiberius was thrown into solus confinement for 24 years and 8 months, despairing of ever fulfilling his secret mission. At this time, all men in Rome, between the ages of 18 and 25, received:

"Greetings from the Emperor! You are hereby ordered to report to local draft board MCXXV for a pre-induction physical!"

The Romans put Tiberius on their

shoulders and marched with him to the Grand Central Forum. They sang rousing choruses of "When Graccus Comes Marching Home Again," "The Chariot-Wheel of Fortune," "Bell Bottom Togas," "This is the Pedites, Mr. Tiberius," and "I'm a Roman Doodle Dandy"!!

At the draft board, Tiberius was immediately classified 1-A and sent to Fort Dixiebus for basic training.

At the fort, he was given a glass of milk; some gefuelte fish, and then an R.I. (Roman Issue) haircut. Now he was ready to relieve a Vestal Virgin for active duty!

He entered the Chemical Corps at the out-break of the Second Punic War. He was assigned to a place called Oak Ridge to carry on his explosive experiments.

Then the Romans invaded the White Cliffs of Dover! They discovered that the white cliffs were made of chalk, so they brought home a galley-full! The Roman Board of Education was elated! Roman students could write on their slates at last!

But the triumph of progress was short-lived! The kids were ruining their togas with chalk-dust. Tailors and cleaners were living off the fat of the land!!

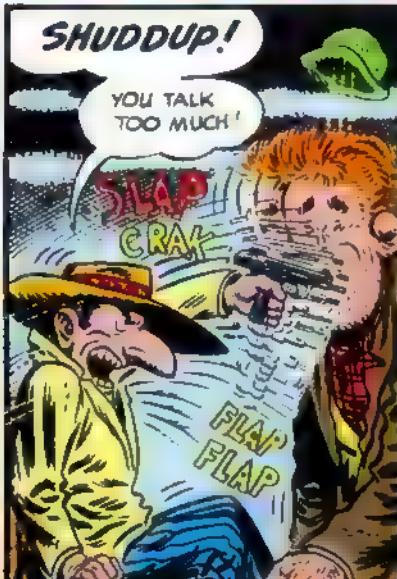
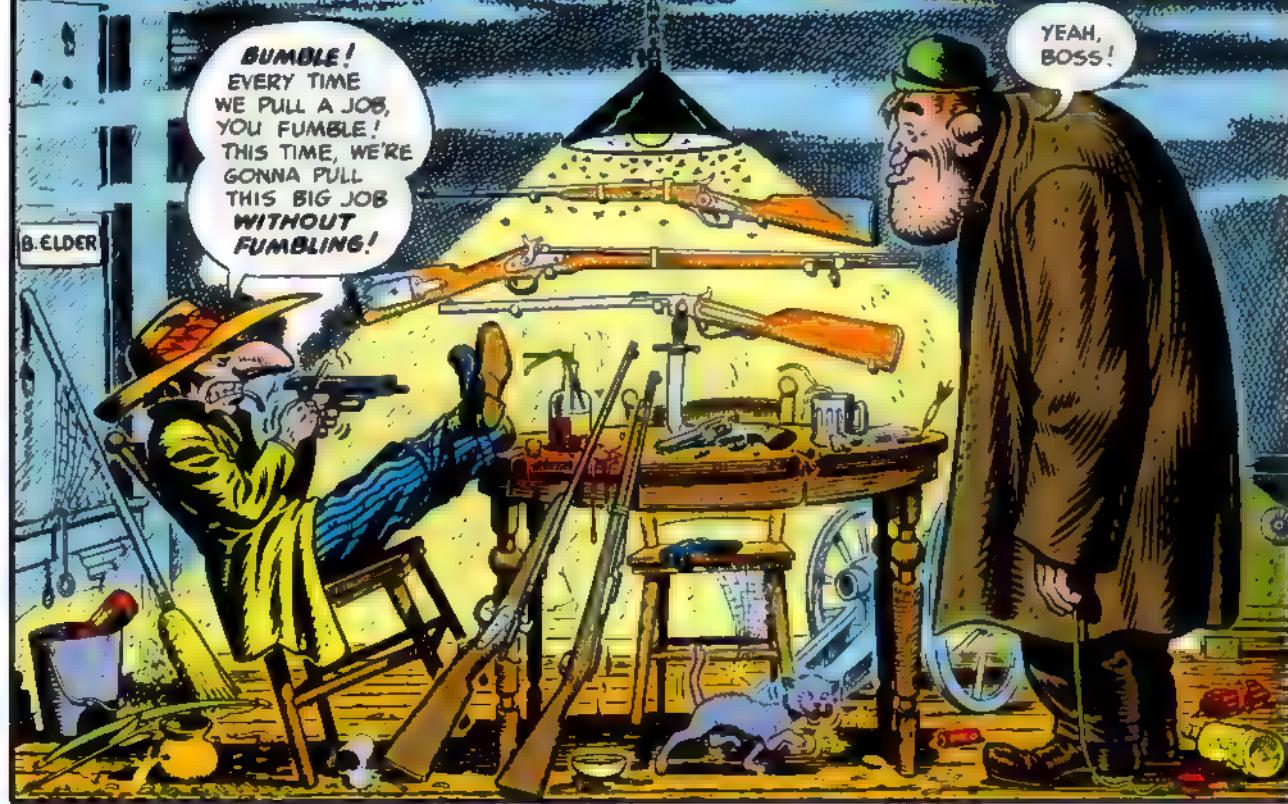
Tiberius retired to his lab, and after 32 years of research, came out with an implement to clean slates. It was called . . . "Eradico Scribendi"!

But, as he emerged from his sanctuary with his wonderful discovery, Rome fell!!

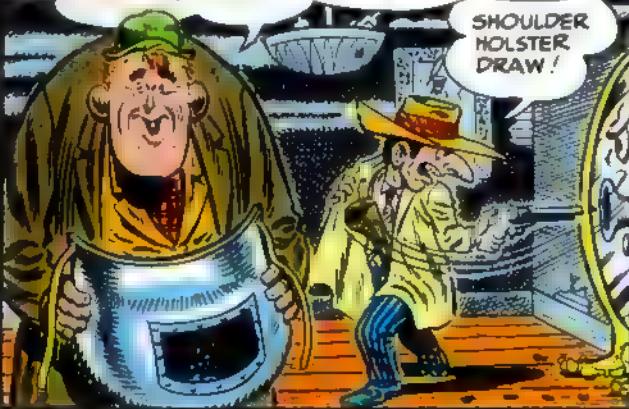
And that's how ERASERS were born!

CRIME DEPT.! COME AWAY FROM YOUR FRESH PAINT HOMES ON TREE-LINED STREETS!...AWAY FROM YOUR CLEAN LINEN, YOUR GRADE-A MILK! COME TO THE GARBAGE-CANNED, BROKEN WINDOWED LAND OF THE UNDERWORLD! COME TO THE HOME OF THE GANGSTERS, GORILLAS, AND...

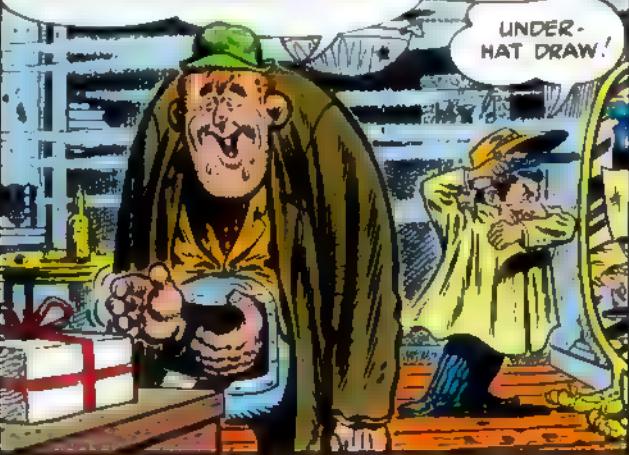
GANEF'S!



FOIST, WE CALLED DE MAYOR AN' TOLD HIM DAT
HE GOTTA FORK OVER TEN GRAND OR WE'LL
BUMP OFF HIS FAMILY! DEN, WE TOLD HIM HOW
HE SHOULD LEAVE DE MONEY IN A BROWN
PAPER PACKAGE ON TOID AN' MAIN STREET! DEN
I'M GONNA WALK OVA WIT DIS FAKE STOMACH
TIED ON ME!



**DEN, I WALKS OVA TO DIS BROWN PAPER
PACKAGE WHICH IS LAYIN' LIKE DAT SAMPLE
PAPER PACKAGE IS LAYIN'! DEN, WHILE MY
FAKE HANDS HANG BY MY SIDES, I REACHES
OUT WIT' MY REGULA' HANDS!**



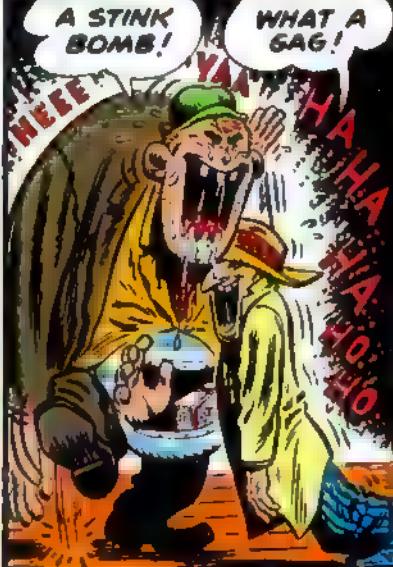
DEN DEY WATCH AN' DEY WATCH...
AN DEN DEY GET TIRED AN' TAKE
HOME DE FAKE PACKAGE... WHICH
DEY TINK IS DE REAL PACKAGE!
DEN WHEN DEY OPEN IT,
INSTEAD OF DEIR MONEY, DEY
AND A **STINK BOMB!**



DEN, I'M GONNA PUT ON DIS COAT WIT' FAKE
HANDS HANGIN' BY MY SIDES! **DEN**, I'M GONNA
BE ABLE TO USE MY REGULA' HANDS! **DEN**,
I'LL BE ABLE TO STICK MY REGULA' HANDS
TRU DIS HERE TRAP-DOOR IN DIS HERE
PHONY STOMACH! **DEN** WE GOES TO TOID AN'
MAIN STREET!



DEN, I PULL DE REAL BROWN PACKAGE INTA MY STOMACH AND IN PLACE OF IT, I PUT A FAKE BROWN PACKAGE! DEN, IT LOOKS LIKE I NEVVA TOOK NO PACKAGE! DEN, IF DE COPS ARE WATCHIN', DEY DON'T KNOW NUTTIN'S HAPPENED!



REMEMBER, BUMBLE YOU DUMBLE! NO FUMBLING THIS JOB! NOW WE DON'T WANT TO ATTRACT ATTENTION! THAT'S IT! WALK NORMAL! NOW NOBODY NOTICES US SINCE WE LOOK LIKE NORMAL HUMAN BEINGS!

YEAH, BOSS!



WE'RE COMING CLOSE! FLATTEN AGAINST THE WALL! THAT'S IT! IF WE'RE FLATTENED UP LIKE THIS... PEOPLE DON'T NOTICE US! THEY THINK WE'RE JUST AN ORDINARY FLAT WALL!... HAH! LOOK! THERE IT IS! THE PACKAGE!

YEAH, BOSS!



WALK NATURAL!
ACT UNCON-CERNED!
NOT TOO FAST!
LA...LOO...LA

TWEET TWEET



LA...LEE...LA...LOO!
TAKE IT EASY!
TAKE IT EASY!
WALK O-VER TO
THE PA-A-ACKAGE

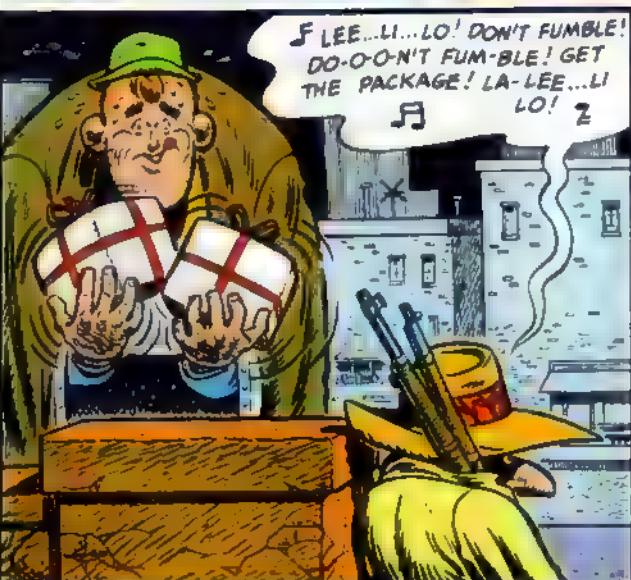


SHUDDAP!

LALEE LOO! HOW
MANY TIMES I TOLD
YOU NOT TO MENTION
MY-HI NAME! LA...
LOO!



LEE...LI...LO! DON'T FUMBLE!
DO-O-O-N'T FUM-BLE! GET
THE PACKAGE! LA-LEE...LI
LO!



LI...LEE...LO! CLUM-SY
I-IDIOT! NOW TAKE IT
E-EASY! NICE AND SLOW!
LA-LEE...LOO! TAKE
IT EA...



FWEEE!

COPS! THEY'VE SPOTTED US!
QUICK! INTO THE GETAWAY CAR!
YA AIN'T GONNA GET ME,
COPPERS! NOT ME!
YAHAHAHAHAA!

YEAH,
BOSS!

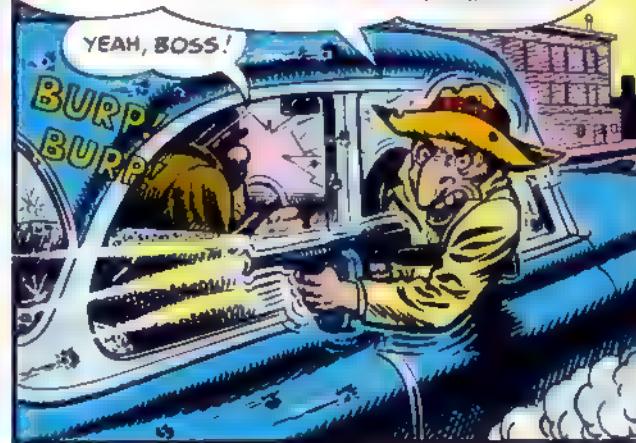
POW!
FFT!



THE FLATFEET ARE FIRIN' ON US!
STEP ON IT, BUMBLE, AND DON'T
FUMBLE! COPPERS AIN'T GONNA
GET ME! NOT ME! YAHAHAHAHAA!

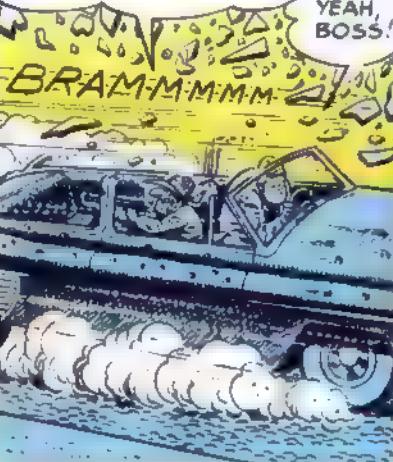
YEAH, BOSS!

BURP!
BURP!



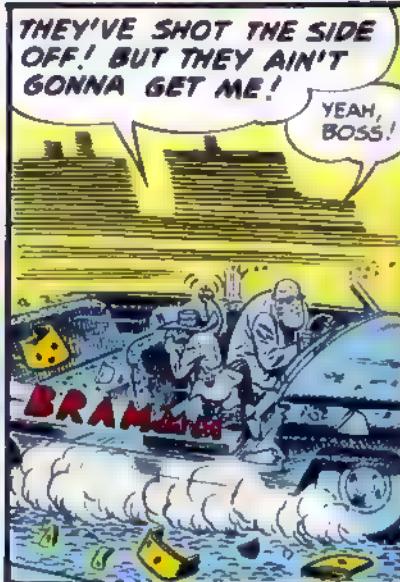
THEY'VE SHOT THE ROOF
OFF! BUT THEY AIN'T
GONNA GET ME!

YEAH,
BOSS!



THEY'VE SHOT THE SIDE
OFF! BUT THEY AIN'T
GONNA GET ME!

YEAH,
BOSS!



THEY'VE SHOT THE OTHER
SIDE OFF! BUT THEY
AIN'T GONNA GET ME!

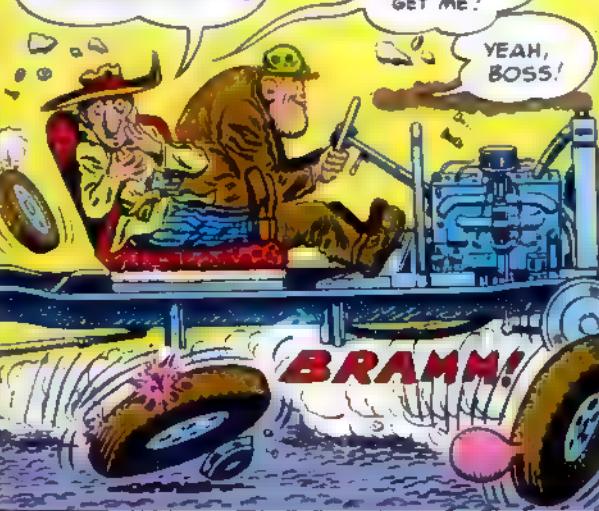
YEAH, BOSS!



THEY'VE SHOT THE
WHEELS OFF!

I TINK MAYBE
DEY GONNA
GET ME!

YEAH,
BOSS!



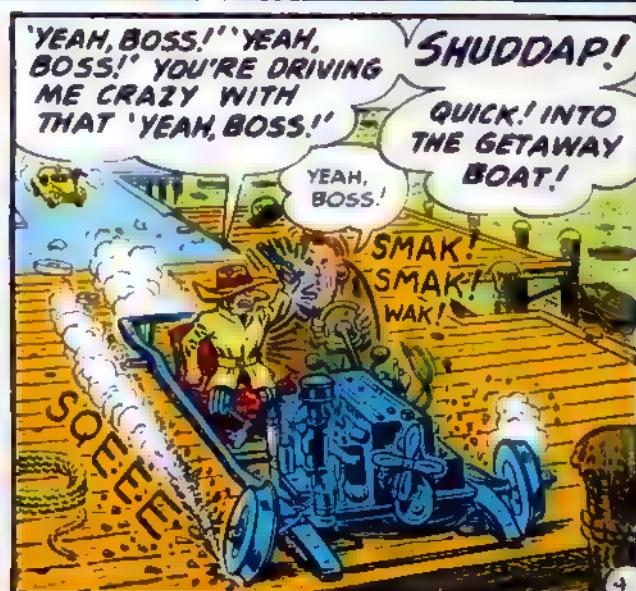
"YEAH, BOSS!" "YEAH,
BOSS!" YOU'RE DRIVING
ME CRAZY WITH
THAT 'YEAH, BOSS!'

SHUDDAP!

QUICK! INTO
THE GETAWAY
BOAT!

YEAH,
BOSS!

SMAK!
SMAK!
WAK!



OUR OPERATION IS GOING SMOOTH, BUMBLE! NOW, NO FUMBLING AND HEAD FOR THE HIDE-OUT!

YEAH, BOSS!

ZING!

BLAM!

YEAH, BOSS!

THEY'VE GOT THE COAST GUARD AFTER US! YAHAHAHAHAHAA! YOU COAST GUARDS'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!

BLAM!

ZOM!
CRASH!

DIS IS A GOOD IDEA, BOSS... BREATHING T'ROUGH OUR GUN BARRELS!

SHUDDAP!

SLAP!
SLAP!
SLAP!

WELL! THEY'VE LOST US! NOW THERE'S JUST YOU AND ME AND THE TEN GRAND! RIGHT, BUMBLE? THERE! LET ME CARRY IT FOR A WHILE!

WE GONNA SPLIT IT UP, BOSS?

NOW, BOSS?
HUM? HUM?
NOW?

YEAH, BUMBLE! YOU FINALLY PULLED OFF THE BIG JOB WITHOUT A FUMBLE! I'M INDEBTED TO YOU! I'M GONNA PAY YOU OFF!

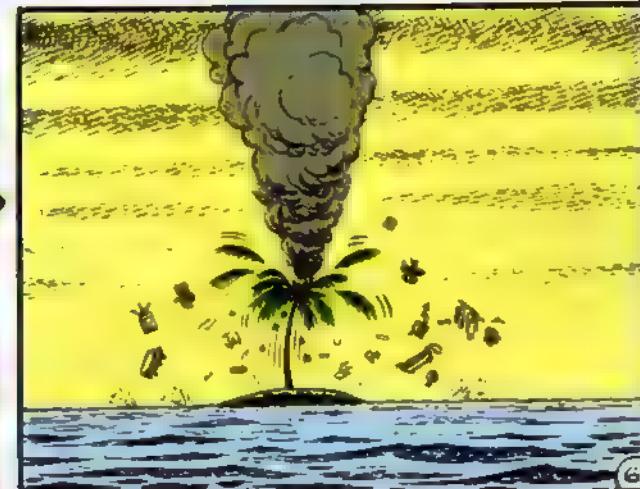
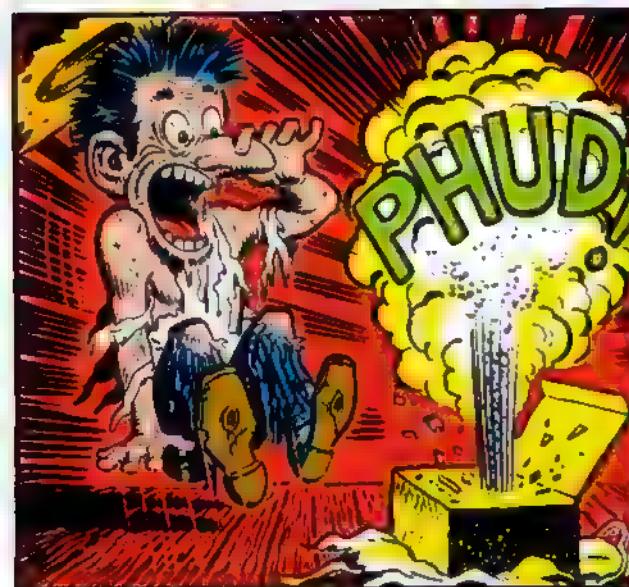
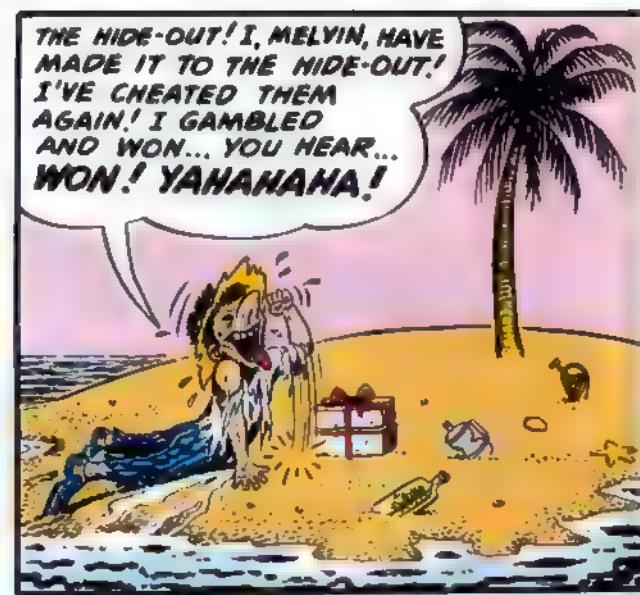
YEAH, BOSS!
SNIFF! G-GOOD-BYE, BUMBLE! THIS HURTS YOU MORE THAN IT DOES ME... BUT THAT 'YEAH, BOSS' ROUTINE! IT'S DRIVING ME OUTTA MY MIND!
'YEAH, BOSS!' 'YEAH, BOSS!' 'YEAH, BOSS!'

RAT-TATATAT!

Y... Y...
YEAH...
B... OSS...

GLUG!

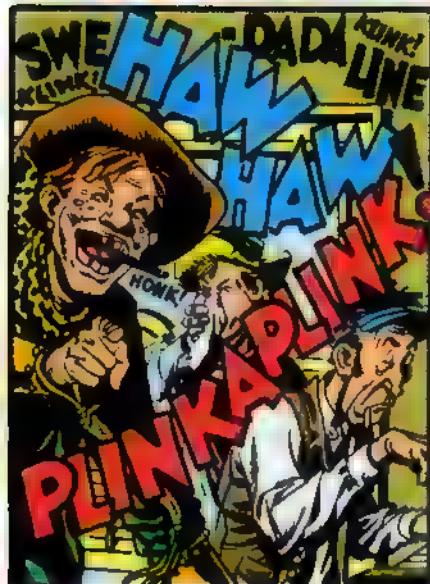
AND NOW THE MONEY IS MINE! ALL MINE!
AWAY! TO THE HIDE-OUT!

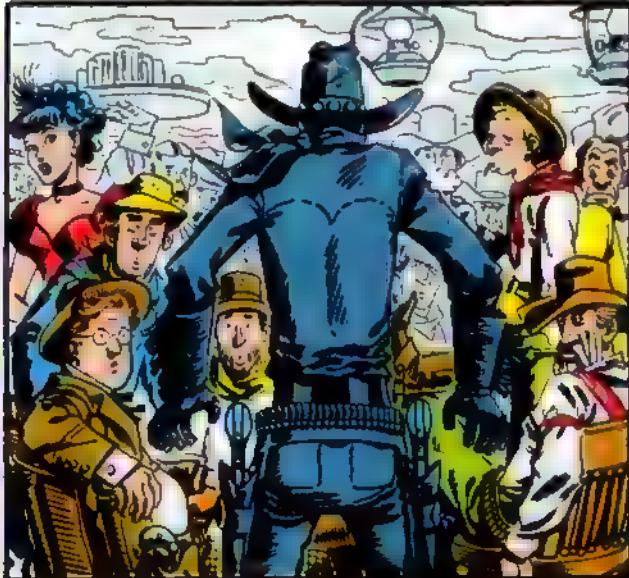
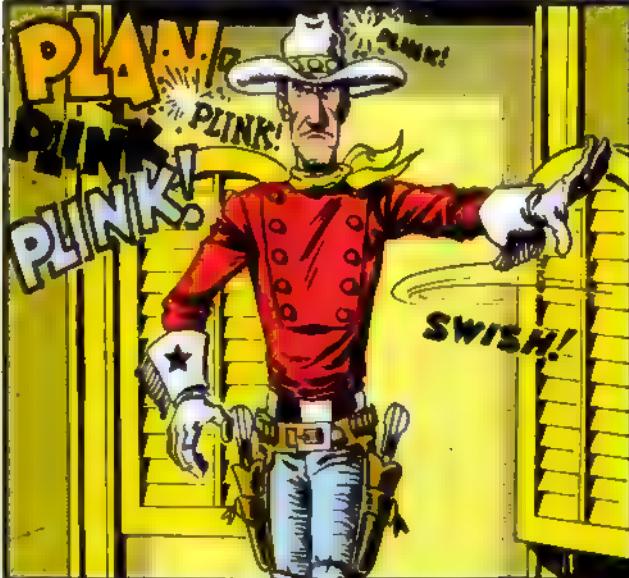


A FOUL STENCH OF A CELLULOID STINK BOMB
RISES INTO THE CLEAR OCEAN AIR! FOR, YOU SEE...
BUMBLE... FUMBLED!

WESTERN DEPT: GIMME A DRUNK, JOE, AN' LET ME TELL YOU A STORY 'BOUT THE ROOTINEST, TOOTINEST, STRAIGHTEST SHOOTINEST COWPOKE EVER TO RIDE THE PECOS TRAIL! YOU SEE... WHEN HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', HE DIDN'T CHANGE EASY... AN' WHAT HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO DO WUZ... TO KILL A...

VARMIN!





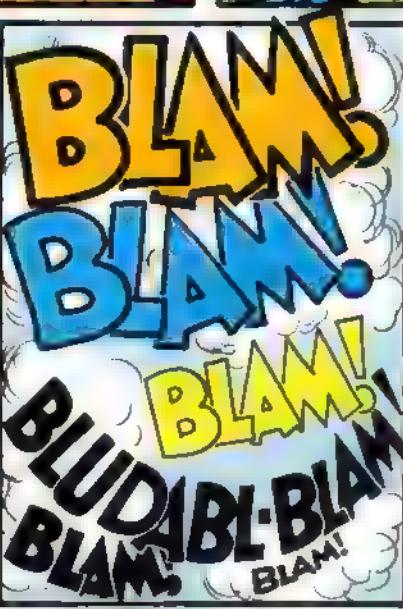
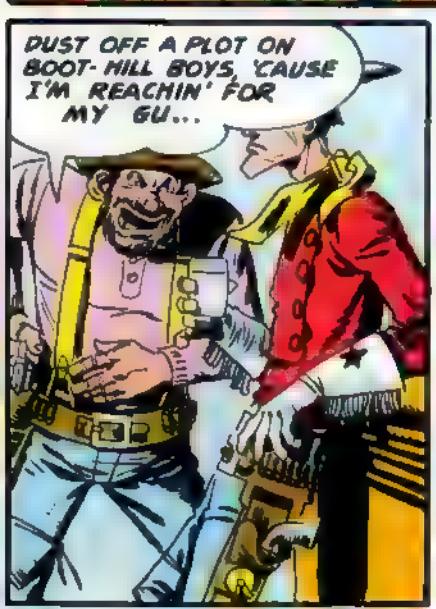
I BEEN RIDIN'... FER THE PAST Y'AR SADDLE-SORE! 'CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY! AN' I GOT MUH GUNS STRAPPED ON 'CAUSE WHEN I FIND THE VARMINT THAT SHOT MUH BUDDY, AH'M GONNA GIVE 'IM THE SAME CHANCE HE GAVE MELVIN!



I BEEN RIDIN' 'CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY! I DUG THE BULLET OUTTA MELVIN! A .48 SLUG WITH A TWISTY SCRATCH! I BEEN RIDIN' CROSS'T THE PECOS TRAIL FOLLOWING THE GUN THAT THAT THERE BULLET CUM F'UM! AN' THE TRAIL BRUNG ME BACK H'AR! H'AR TO YUCCA-PUCCA GULCH!



I BEEN RIDIN'... 'CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY! RIDIN' TILL I'M SADDLE-SORE, SADDLE-SORE! I BEEN FOLLOWING A .48 REVOLVER THAT MAKES A TWISTY SCRATCH! I BEEN FOLLOWING IT HERE TO THE MAN WHO OWNS IT! A MAN BY THE NAME OF KICKIMINABELLY KELLY!



DID YOU
SEE WHAT
HE DONE
DID?

IN THE TIME IT TOOK KICKIN'-
INABELLY TO DRAW, TEX PUT
DOWN HIS GLASS O' MILK,
DREW HIS GUNS, FIRED,
HOLSTERED HIS GUNS AND
PICKED UP HIS MILK!

YUH GOT
ME, STRANGER!

B-BUT I--I DIDN'T DO IT! I
DIDN'T KILL M-MELVIN! IT'S TRUE
I OWNED THAT .48 REVOLVER THAT
MADE A TWISTY SCRATCH... BUT I
DONE LOST IT IN A FARO GAME!
I DONE LOST IT TO... TO...

LI-DE-DI-DOE...
DEE-DEE-DI...

TO...TO...TO...
SLIPPERY S-SAM,
THE GAMBLIN'
M-MAN!

...UGH!

SLIPPERY SAM,
THE GAMBLIN'
MAN, EH?

HUM-TE-TYUM!
LA-LA-LOO...
LEE-LA-LO

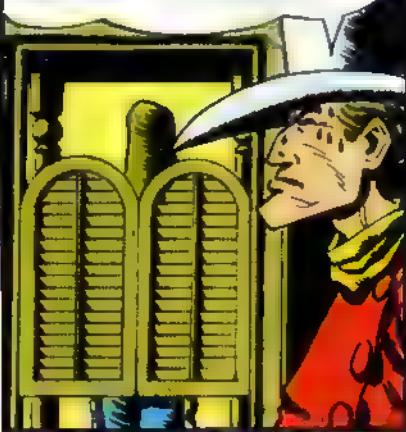
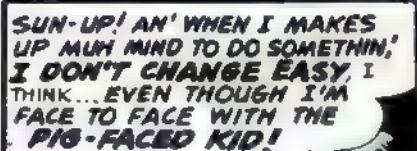
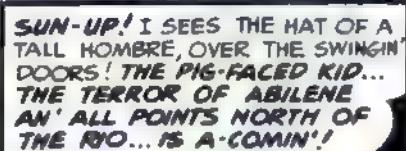
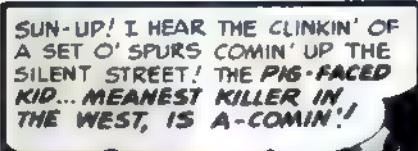
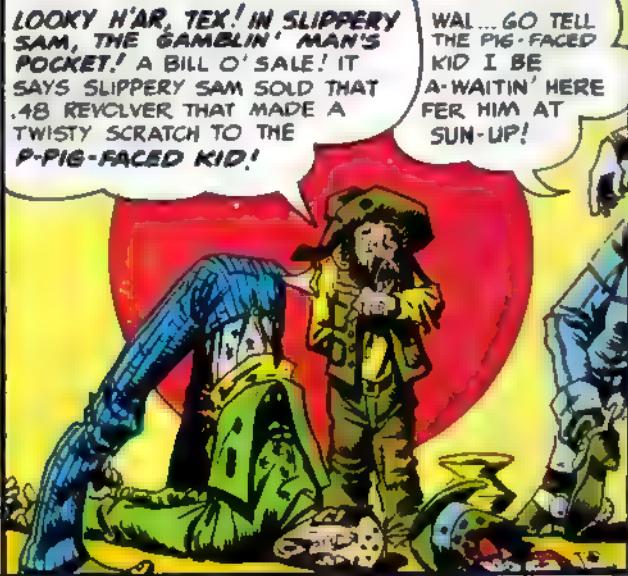
HOLD ON,
STRANJUH!

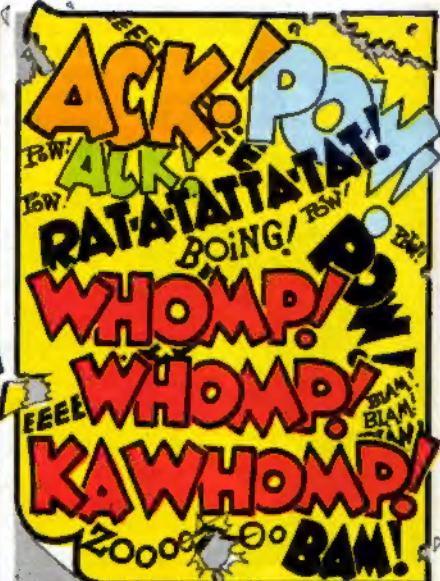
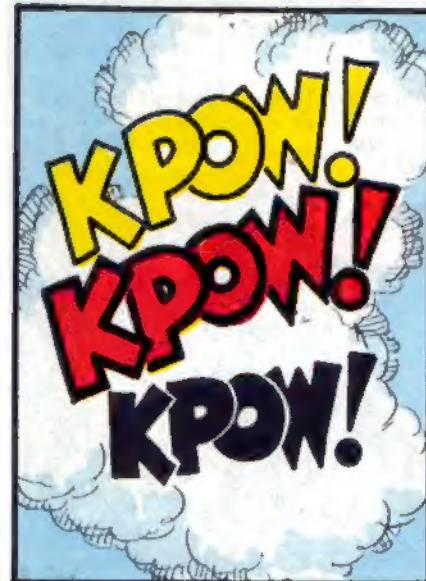
YOU LOOKS
SLIPPERY, AN'
YOU LOOKS SAM,
AN' YOU LOOKS
LIKE A GAMBLIN'
MAN!

...I BEEN
RIDIN' 'CAUSE
WHEN I
MAKES UP
MUH MIND...

NOW LOOKY HERE,
BOY!... TELL YOU
WHAT I'M GONNA
DEW! I DIDN'T KILL
NO MELVIN, BOY!
WHUT THE HECK
I WANNA KILL
MELVIN FOR...

BLAM!
BLAM!
KA-BLAM!
BLAOW!
BLAM! KA-BLAM!





DON'T DO IT, BOY! I WUZN'T THE VARMINT WHO KILLED MELVIN! BUT I DO KNOW WHO THE VARMINT WUZ! ALL THESE Y'ARS, WHILE YOU BEEN RIDIN', RIDIN', RIDIN', I BEEN A'KEEPIN' THE SECRET IN MUH OLD LEATHERY HEART! AN' NOW, (SNIFF) ... NOW I'M A- GONNA HAFTA TELL ALL (SNIFF)!



I WUZ THAR, THE NIGHT MELVIN WUZ KILLED! I WUZ THAR WHEN THIS VARMINT CAME WALKIN' OUT OF THE NIGHT... IN HIS LONG JOHNS, CARRYIN' A .48 THAT MADE A TWISTY SCRATCH! YUH SEE, THIS VARMINT WUZ WALKING IN HIS SLEEP! AN' WHEN HE SHOT MELVIN, HE NEVER DONE KNOWNED WHAT HE DONE DONE 'CAUSE HE DONE WUZ ASLEEP ALL THE TIME!



AND THE NAME OF THAT VARMINT... THE NAME OF THAT VARMINT WUZ PSST SST SST PSST SST!



WAAL ... LIKE I SAID! WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY!

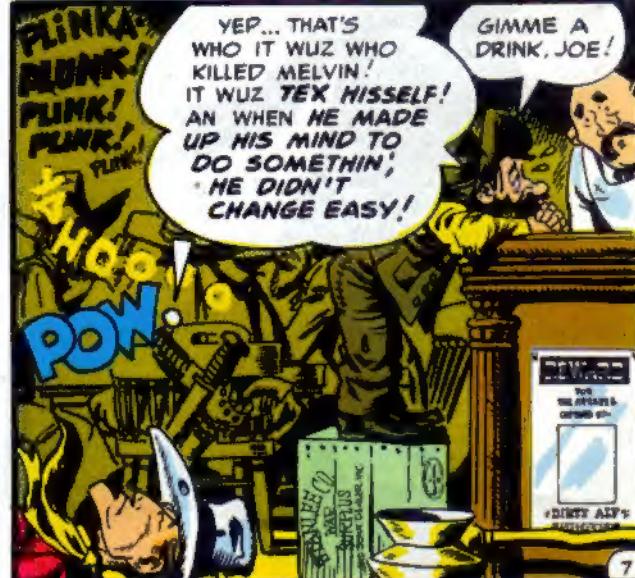


WHO WAS IT? WHO WAS THE VARMINT THAT KILLED MELVIN? WHO DID TEX JUST SHOOT? TELL US! WE'RE DYIN'!



LOOK, FELLAS! THE SMOKE'S LIFTIN'! THAR'S A BODY ON THE FLOOR! IT'S... IT'S...

PLINK! PLONK! PLUNK! PLUNK! PLUNK! YEP... THAT'S WHO IT WUZ WHO KILLED MELVIN! IT WUZ TEX HISSELF! AN' WHEN HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', HE DIDN'T CHANGE EASY!



GIMME A DRINK, JOE!



their most engaging work.

By the second issue, the title's unique brand of humor started to exhibit itself. Suddenly, all the artists seemed to be named Melvin, and MAD's first mass-culture

parody appeared: "Melvin," a slapstick take on Tarzan.

Within a few issues, parodies of cultural icons became the comic's calling card; MAD spoofed everything from sports to super-heroes. And people laughed. Thanks to word of mouth, the magazine's initially weak sales began to grow. MAD's success spawned multiple competitors, even one published by E.C. itself called PANIC.

As MAD's second year came to an end, Kurtzman told Gaines that he felt he had exhausted the spoof genre. Coupled with the newly formed Comics Code restrictions, Gaines ran with Kurtzman's concept of turning MAD into a black and white magazine. The new version of MAD, which began with issue #24, was an instant success, and even went back to press for a rare second printing. It has been a black and white success ever since, outlasting all its competitors and giving the world Alfred E. Neuman, Spy vs. Spy and wonderful artists including Sergio Aragonés, Don Martin and Mort Drucker, among many others.

MAD continues to thrive to this day, filled with the inspired work of the Usual Gang of Idiots, and always pondering the question: "What, Me Worry?"

—Robert Greenberger

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD #1 OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1952

"Hoohah!"

Story by Harvey Kurtzman
Art by Jack Davis

"Blobs!"

Story by Harvey Kurtzman
Art by Wally Wood

"Ganefs!"

Story by Harvey Kurtzman
Art by Will Elder

"Varmint!"

Story by Harvey Kurtzman
Art by John Severin

Cover and logo design by Glen Parsons

Cover by Harvey Kurtzman



DC COMICS

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Founder, MAD Magazine

Jenette Kahn
President & Editor-in-Chief

Paul Levitz
Executive Vice President &
Publisher

Harvey Kurtzman
Editor-original series

Dale Crain
Editor-collected edition

Michael Wright
Assistant Editor-
collected edition

Georg Brewer
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